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Amongst the many Histories of Art, that of Winckelmann still deservedly holds the highest place. To accurate and extensive learning on the subject he added a fine natural appreciation of works of Art and a studied devotion to them, which make his opinions and judgments unusually reliable. It is but too clear to us that the History of Art has been culpably neglected, since no one thought of giving an English version of Winckelmann until Dr. Lodge undertook it, and since Huber's French version is well known to be altogether unfaithful, and since no attempt has ever been made to correct or supersede it by a better one. It is for the History of Art to show its agency in the cultivation of mankind, and to disclose its co-relation to the progressive civilization of the leading nations of the world. Winckelmann has prepared the materials for a work of this kind, and it remains for his worthy successor, whoever he may be, to complete the labor which he has so admirably commenced. The translation of Dr. Lodge must awaken fresh interest in the subject, and the beautiful manner in which the well-known publishers of this translation have discharged their duties leaves nothing to be desired.

Art, in appealing to our sentiments, in stimulating and refining them, subdues the anarchical workings of the intellect, and subdues the sensualized appetites of our bodily natures. It is as much of a conservative constituent in the family as it is in society—equally effective in elevating both—and the most potent aid in the incorporation of religion with the thoughts, feelings, and actions of men. The highest points of culture in the history of man have always been encircled by the most beautiful flights of Art. In antiquity Greek culture was set in and enamelled by Art; in modern times Christian culture has been both adorned and hallowed by it. And the day may not be distant when the present laborious and ambitious tentatives in Art may culminate in a new and original form, not only superior to that of Greece and Christianity, but gloriously crowning a degree of human culture, far in advance of any hitherto attained by mankind.

No more suitable companion can be found for the industrial and commercial spirit than that of Art, none more likely to keep it from licentiousness, none more likely to give it a moral scope and bearing. With this view the historical study of Art is important, and is easily practicable through the conscientious labors of Winckelmann. He has known how, in writing the history of Art, to distinguish between its *chronology* and its *history*. He has kept the end in view as well as the means, and has failed only in showing the affiliation of Art with every other means of human advancement. He first gives the origin of Art among the different nations of antiquity who cultivated it; he then pays particular attention to its condition among the Greeks and Etruscans, and dwells principally upon it as it grew among the former, having reached in Greece its highest form amongst the ancients. He touches likewise on the history of Art dogmatically, and as it has been affected by time and its concomitants, particularly

among the Greeks and Romans. In directing all his study to the varied monuments of Art, he has not felt called upon to say much of the artists themselves. There is much philosophy in leaving the works of an artist to reflect the essence of his own character and individuality. In Winckelmann's opinion the object of the History of Art should be to ascend to its origin, to follow its progress and variations from its dawn to its maturity, to note its decline, fall, and extinction. A history of Art from this point of view must show its peculiar characteristics, the social condition of the people who cultivate it, the condition of the artists themselves, and the nature of the times in which they live; and confirm by monumental testimony all the facts related thereto.

'Twould be interesting here to say something as to the history of Winckelmann's life, but this is ably and elaborately done by Dr. Lodge, to whose interesting pages we would direct all our readers. The obscurity and humility of Winckelmann's birth are in striking contrast with his enduring and widely extended reputation. Though the great and mysterious reservoir of Nature may be divided and subdivided by social conventionalities, yet to each part thereof is reserved the glorious prerogative of endowing this world with its greatest and noblest men.

Notes and Queries.

To the Editor of the Crayon:

WHEN some four months ago I made use of your columns to obtain a solution of a question of Virgilian criticism (on *Æn.* I. v. 607-610), in which the authority of Nature had led me to question that of translators and commentators, I had little expectation of calling to such a subject the attention of any beyond, here and there, some solitary scholar or artist—certainly, I had no hope of calling forth so wide an interest, and so much scholarship and good taste as have been manifested on the question then propounded. Since this question was thus presented I have known it to be discussed in club-rooms, in artists' studios, in bank parlors, where millions are wielded, and by eminent counsel, in the recess of an argument on an appeal case, involving the disposition of millions.

Besides the articles in other journals, the classic columns of the New York *Evening Post* produced, evening after evening, a variety of discussions of the point, often differing from my own view of the question, but all evincing taste and reading. One of the results which most gratified me was, that my question called forth from Bryant (besides a brief, but excellent prose criticism) four lines of verse, giving the only perfectly faithful translation of the lines under discussion, to be found in our language; for I believe no other metrical translation gives the precise idea of the poet, in his "*Polus dum sidera pascet*"—a phrase borrowed, like many other of Virgil's refined elegances of expression, from the Greek—

"While Heaven leads forth at night, and folds again
His starry flock; while rivers seek the main,
While mountain heights a moving shadow cast,
Thy honor, name, and praise shall ever last."

Thus, whether my criticism and interpretation be sound or otherwise, I think that I have some reason to be proud of the

fact of having drawn the minds of so many of the ablest and busiest of this busy city, from daily cares back to their youthful studies, and their recollections or observations of the grander features of Nature.

I have no desire myself to prolong or renew this special discussion, and will only add on that point that I think my interpretation, which is so clearly and briefly given in Mr. Bryant's lines just cited, is confirmed by the last line of Virgil's first Eclogue—as every good writer is generally the best commentator on his own sense. There Tityrus says, as the sun is about to set behind the Apennines:

"Majoresque cadunt, altis de montibus umbræ."

"The lofty mountains larger shadows cast."

But my present object is at once to make another and similar experiment on the literary taste of our city, and also to solve some little doubt of my own on another Virgilian hemistich. This describes a frequent sea-shore occurrence or appearance, upon which I should not have the slightest doubt as to Virgil's sense, were it not that the great majority of authorities (though by no means all), whether commentators, lexicographers, or translators, agree in giving to the words a sense which seems to me not quite according to classic usage, and still less in conformity with the facts of Nature. This question, therefore, like the former one which I submitted to the readers of THE CRAYON, falls strictly within the scope of your Art Journal, being as much within the cognizance of one who studies coast and harbor scenery with the eye of Vernet or Vandervelde, as of him who reads Virgil with all the aid that old scholiasts or modern scholarship can furnish.

The words of the passage, or rather passages of Virgil—for Virgil, like other ancients, often takes the liberty of repeating his own words in different connexions—are these. They occur, first, in the passage describing the cool, shadowy grotto of Proteus, to which the sea-god daily retired to take his noon-day nap (IV. Georgics v. 418-420)—

— "Est specus, ingens

Exesi latere in montis, quo plurima vento

Cogitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos,

Deprensus olim statio tutissima nautis."

Again, in the first book of the *Æneid* (*Æn. I.*, 159-161), in the description of the safe and calm harbor on the Lybian coast, which received the storm-tossed Trojan exiles, after their escape from the rage of the winds and of Juno, the last words of the above lines are repeated in a slightly varied connection:

Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum

Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto

Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.

These last italicised words form the point to which I wish to direct the attention of those who may be tempted to explore any path however uninviting—

"Where Virgil or where Nature leads the way."

In the sphere of our moral nature, in the delineation of character, of the passions, or affections (except indeed in the pathetic), I do not rate Virgil very high. But as an accurate observer and faithful painter, alike of the grander and the minute features of material nature, he seems to me to be unsurpassed; combining the truth of effect and of detail of the Dutch painters, with the refinement and sentiment of the great Italian masters. In his epic, I am not sure but this beauty was carried out to a fault, for in the exercise of this talent he seems to me sometimes to call off the attention of the reader from

the interest and passion of his fable to minor accessories, when his masters, the old Greek poets, would have generalized the whole, and pervaded all with the spirit of the main action, thus compelling the mind without distraction,—

"Entranced to hear

O'er battle-fields the epic thunder roll,

Or list, where tragic wall upon the ear,

Through Argive palaces shrill echoing stole."

I borrow the noble words of our New York poet, Sands, now remembered more as a wit than a poet, though he was both. (Proem to *Yamoyden*.)

Perhaps this criticism may be overstrained (or possibly too broad a generalization from recollection of some particular passages), but at least I am sure that Virgil was so minute an observer of natural objects, and so faithful as their painter, that the same close observation is always the best, and often the necessary commentary on many of his passages, and that for the want of this not a few of his numerous scholiasts and translators have often been perplexed or grossly mistaken.

Now to return to the special subject of my communication. I formerly understood the words, "Inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos," to mean—as I suppose I had been taught by my classical instructors, and as most translators and editors explain them—that "The sea, broken on the rocky entrance, divides itself, and thus enters into the far retired bays of the harbor." Thus the lines in the first *Æneid* seemed very fairly rendered by Pitt, a translator of little fire or force, but elegant and laboriously faithful—

"Far in a deep recess her jutting sides

An isle projects to break the rolling tides,

And forms a port, where, circling from the sea,

The waves steal back and wind into a bay."

As Pitt did not translate the *Georgics*, I take the translation of the similar scene portrayed there from Sotheby, the most elegant and accurate, and, on the whole, the best of Virgil's translators, so far as he has gone. He did not attempt the *Æneid*.

"Deep in the mountain spreads a spacious cove,

By dreary tempests worn with frequent wave,

Where oft enclosed in many a winding bay,

Fled from the storm, the sheltered vessel lay."

But in more critical reading of Virgil at a later period, I was struck with the fact that Virgil used elsewhere this word *sinus*, when connected with *fluctus*, *unda*, or *pontus*, to express the hollow or curve of the wave. Thus, in the eleventh *Æneid*—

"Pontus

Extremamque sinu perfudit arenam."

"The sea

The farthest sands floods with its curving wave."

And again in *Georg. III.*, v. 238:

"Fluctus

Longius ex altoque sinum trahit."

A similar use will be found in Lucan, *Pharsalia X.*, v. 620. See also Virgil's use of "sinus," IV. *Geor.* 361, and VI. *Æn.* 132.

This phrase, "every wave dividing itself into bays," to express "every wave breaks up, flowing into retired bays," seemed so harsh, unusual, and forced, that I could not doubt that the word *sinus* was here used in its other Virgilian sense, for "the bosom of the waves," the "curving billows;" and this

sense being supported by the poet's own use of words, I thought gave the true and picturesque effect of the dashing, breaking and reflux of the waves upon a rocky coast, agreeing with our observation and recollections of such scenes. The poet's meaning then appeared to be this, "On the rocky sides of the island which formed and protected the harbor, every wave from the deep was broken and swept back divided, in hollow curving billows." This sense is confirmed by the authority of Rûmus, the Delphin editor, who, as I said in my former communication, is one of the very best of interpreters of Virgil; a rank which I have since been pleased to find is fully awarded to him by his more distinguished modern successor, the German Heyne.

As a similar effect of water on a smaller scale may be observed along any river or lake, I was satisfied that it was the poet's intention to mark the frequent appearances arising from fixed hydraulic laws; not that he understood it or meant to speak of it with the precision of a lecturer on hydrodynamics, but that he noted it briefly in a passing and sketchy manner, just as it would take the eye of a painter of coast scenery. For my own satisfaction I should not have cared to make any further examination of commentators, translators, or classical authorities; but when it occurred to me to try the public interest again with a second Virgilian controversy, I was tempted to present with the question itself the substance of the chief authorities, *pro* and *con*, on the point. After exhausting all that I found in a respectable collection of Virgilian learning on my own shelves, a visit or two to the Astor Library furnished me with more extracts and references than I should choose to burden your columns with.

First of all come the editors and commentators. The great majority of these, from Heinsius, the most celebrated restorer and elucidator of Virgil's text in the last century, to Heyne, the most distinguished one in the earlier years of the present century, agree on the sense of "bays" for "sinus," though Heyne, indeed, notices the other interpretation as a possible sense, which, however, on the whole, he rejects.

Next come the lexicographers, all on the same side. Whilst they all define *sinus* in its various secondary sense as "the curving hollow of anything," as of a robe, a sail, or a coast (i. e., a bay), some of them actually cite or refer to these very words, "in sinus scindit sese unde reductus," as examples of the meaning of "retired bays into which the divided wave flows." Amongst these are the weightiest authorities, in their way—weighty in every sense. The great Thesaurus of Stephens, edited and improved by Gesner, the last edition of Faber, and the still greater work of Faccioliati and Forcellinus, which I consulted in the late Leipsic edition, in two folios.

These are followed by Adams and others, whose dictionaries, in a more portable form, are in common use. Perhaps this may be one of those instances which support the bold *dictum* pronounced (or reported) by Dr. Johnson, that a lexicographer may be excellent authority for a single word, but none at all for two or three words together. At any rate there is an appeal from Gesner, and Faber, and Forcellinus, and Faccioliati, and Freund to the use of Virgil and Lucan.

Next follow, in the same sense, most of the modern translators in verse and prose. I have already cited Pitt and Sotheby, both of them usually elegant and correct renderers of the poet's sense. Much earlier in English poetic history was Dr. Trapp, more learned and more literal than any of the poetic translators of Virgil, if, indeed, his very literal blank

verse version can be called poetry at all. Trapp had gained honor by his prelections on poetry as an Oxford lecturer, he was a good scholar and a clear-headed man; but Virgil's gold became dull lead in his transmutation. His version was almost killed on its first appearance by a wicked wit, who, on some dull, but fashionable poem being compared to Virgil, wrote—

"Equal to Virgil?—yes, perhaps,
But, then, it must be Dr. Trapp's."

Still Trapp's Virgil found favor in the eyes of the booksellers, and was republished from time to time, until Dr. Johnson, who, as an old-fashioned schoolmaster, looked upon all verbal translations and other short-cuts to Greek and Latin, now so much in vogue, with as holy a horror as any old school New York lawyer does upon the new code of legal procedure, gave the *coup-de-grace* to poor Trapp's reputation, by branding his version as "the clandestine refuge of school boys."

Davidson's still more literal prose version has since relieved Trapp from this dishonor, and the disgrace itself is now nearly faded away. But Trapp's scholarship, and good sense, and simplicity of language merited better treatment from Johnson, and it is due to his memory to say, that in no other English volumes can be found so much of Virgilian learning and interpretation made accessible to the unclassical reader. I am sorry not to have him on my side on this question; but in his translation of the passage in the Georgics, he says that the wave "cuts itself into a winding bay," which, in the first *Æneid*, he varies quite as unpoetically into "cuts itself into a crooked bay."

At a later period came Andrews, who, being a man of fortune, had the good taste, or the good luck to get his translation printed by Barkerville, and thus secured his book a sort of immortality amongst bibliographical collectors, which the correct mediocrity of his verses has not obtained among general readers. He understands our lines thus:

— "Where the ocean's waves
Break, chasing into many a winding creek."

The prose version of Davidson, of which repeated editions in England, Ireland, and the United States, attest the long-continued popularity, as the lazy school-boys' refuge, and the half-taught schoolmasters' secret assistant, gives the same sense in both passages, making the waves "divide themselves into winding bays."

There are three other English translations in verse by university bred English clergymen—one of the Georgics by the Rev. Mr. Geare, and another of the *Æneid* by Dr. Symonds, the pupil and friend of Dr. Parr, who has commended him in elaborated and Johnsonian periods. Both of these, whilst they seem embarrassed by the difficulty of the Latin phrase, avoided direct translation, but yet coincide with the general sense of their predecessors as above stated.

The latest English metrical version is that of the Rev. R. Kennedy and his son (1849). It is in blank verse, and so far as a cursory inspection enables me to judge, very faithfully done. Mr. Kennedy is of the University of Cambridge, and speaks of the approbation he has received from the poets Wordsworth, Montgomery, Carey, and the University professor of poetry. He and his son adopt blank verse in order to convey the poet's precise meaning, and no more, and "to preserve the Vir-

gilian phraseology in its essential properties." He translates thus:

—"There from the sea
All waters roll'd are broken, and the waves
Fall off divided, into winding bays."

"When an Englishman and a Frenchman agree in opinion," says Voltaire, "the chance is that they are on the right." If so, this question is settled, for De Lille appears to understand the description much as his English co-translators did.

"Dans un golfe enfoncé, sur de sauvages bords,
S'ouvre un port naturel, défendu par un île
Dont les bras étendus brisant l'onde incivile
Au fond de ce bassin par deux accès divers
Ouvrent un long passage aux flots bruyants des mers."

Eneide, L. I.

I have now stated briefly, but I trust with judicial impartiality, the imposing array of authorities in favor of the interpretation which has been generally received during the last two centuries, which, nevertheless, I think is erroneous. The number of citations might be much increased; but as they would be but from second-hand commentators and dictionary compilers, or obscure and forgotten translators, they would give little additional weight, except so far as the mere assent of numbers adds weight to opinion.

Let us now see what can be adduced in favor of the other, and, in my opinion, the sounder interpretation. First of all, then, admitting fully the deference due to the great scholars to whose massive erudition we owe those vast repositories of the Latin language, from which the dictionaries in popular use have been abridged, it yet seems to me clear that any competent Latinist who will follow out the use of the word *sinus* in the passages severally referred to in the excellent verbal indexes, which give such value to the Delphin editions (in themselves otherwise of very unequal merit), will be satisfied that *sinus*, in its primitive sense, "the curve, hollow, or inner part of any bent surface or body," retains the same meaning throughout, modified only by the connection with some word expressed or understood. Thus it expresses "the bosom" with implied reference to the human form, so, "the hollow or belly of a sail," or the "fold of a loose robe." It is used absolutely for a "bay or gulf," with reference to the curving shores, letting in and in part inclosing a portion of the sea or of the ocean. But when it is directly connected with the *unda* or *fluctus*, it means "the bosom or trough" of the wave, the curve which it draws behind it, or the hollow which it makes in retiring from the shore.

On this point, then, I appeal from the makers of great dictionaries to the makers of great works, from the students of dead languages to them who formed those tongues and spoke in living words, from the learned lexicographers to their own teachers and masters. Like Macbeth, I would take the response not "from their mouths but from their masters."

Next, as to the authority of commentators. As has already been stated, Rucius, the Delphin editor, is, so far as I have observed, almost the only one of those who wrote from the invention of printing until within a very few years, who departs from the "bay" translation. But it is quite remarkable that two other scholiasts—one the earliest and the other among the latest, and both of them among the most esteemed of Virgil's commentators, interpret as the Delphin editor does.

Servius, the grammarian, who wrote whilst Latin was still a living language (in the fifth century, it is thought), what-

ever may be his defects of judgment, or taste, is the best expositor of Virgil's language, as well as valuable in other respects, so that Gilbert Wakefield had good reason to say (in one of the curious and interesting epistles on subjects of classical literature, which passed between him and Charles Fox), that "every edition of Virgil is defective which does not contain that commentary." Servius explains *sinus* in the I. Æn. 161, by "fluctus replicabiles;" or, waves bending backward; and in another place, XI. 626, he says, *sinu* means "the curving and bending of the waves," "*curvationes et flexu fluctuum*." In our own days Wagner, who has lately re-edited Heyne with superior ability, overrules his predecessor, and adopts the ancient sense, "*Sinuoso flexu fluctus recedunt*," and refers it to the appearance of waves dashed on a shore and retiring, when broken, in long curves.

In this Wagner is followed by our Professor Anthon, in his erudite body of notes on Virgil. He has also been followed by the Oxonian Buckley, who has very lately re-edited Davidson's prose version, for Bohn's Classical Library, correcting him wherever Wagner and other late critics had thrown new light on the text or the meaning.

Oh! shades of Lilly and Ruddiman,—of Busby and Sam Johnson. Perturbed spirits, rests in peace! Visit not in your wrath with nightly fears the slumbers of this unworthy Oxonian, and still less those of his estimable publisher, Bohn, a scholar and the scholar's friend; but who so far yields to the age's degeneracy as to reproduce in his Classical Library, which circulates in every corner of the civilized world, a new edition of Davidson's Virgil, together with Smart's Horace, and other works, just as odious as those in the eyes of old school disciplinarians.

Next in order come the translators. The English translators, verse and prose, as already stated, generally follow the ordinary rendering of the phrase. Yet the greatest name among them must be excepted. The authority of John Dryden is not on that side; though it is not quite clearly on the other. Dryden openly professed that it was not his idea of a poetical translator's duty to render faithfully every word and thought of his original. He was content to aim at giving the general sense, manner, and spirit, and this he effected in the main; for if, under the burden of old age and poverty, to which he so touchingly alludes in his preface, he is often careless and sometimes slovenly, if he often omits minor ideas, which he found it inconvenient to express in English verse, and often, when warmed by his theme, adds new ones, yet those additions are never unworthy of the original whence they spring; whilst in all the nobler passages he re-echoes Virgil's harmonious sense with his own

—"varying verse, his full-resounding line,
His long majestic march and energy divine."

When he runs into paraphrase his is never a verbal paraphrase, but the rapid commentary of a full fraught mind, bringing out into light some thought comprehended under the more general idea of his original. For in Dryden's translations, as well as in his purely original poems, "thought still springs up and rises out of thought."

Poor old Dryden's reputation has been so much overshadowed of late years, and especially in this country, by a crowd of writers of newer fashion, that your readers must pardon this digression of an old-fashioned man, who cherishes a lingering prejudice in favor of the old writers who wrote to be understood as well as to be admired.

To return to the Virgilian question—Dryden, I think, must have undersood Virgil as Servius and Wagner did; but whether he found that the thought did not slide canty into numbers, or, perhaps, that from his inland education and city life, the idea did not excite a distinct visual image in his mind, he used this accustomed liberty as a translator, and passed over these words entirely in the passage in the *Æneid*, whilst in the lines in the Fourth Georgic he generalizes the idea, and weakens the simple truth of the original picture, by a metaphor; thus—

Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
A large recess, concealed from human eyes,
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war their watery ranks decide,
And there, like sentries set, without the mouth divide.

Some of the continental translators take the words in the picturesque sense. Thus Annibale Caro, whose version in Italian blank verse has enjoyed a European reputation, and has received honors such as are paid only to works of great, original authors, has the following spirited paraphrase:

— che porto un isoletta
Le fa, ch' in sulla bocca al mare s'opponsi,
Questa si sparge co suoi fianchi in guisa
Ch' ogni vento, ogni flutto, d'ogni lato,
Che si percuote, ritrovando intoppo
O si frange, o si spento, o "si riversa."

The Dryden of Holland—and, in the estimation of his own countrymen, their Shakespeare—VONDEL, has also translated Virgil; and though as fertile in thought, and ready in language as Dryden (whom in many respects he much resembled), he had, I believe, rather a different theory of the duties of a translator, and meant to reflect the author's sense as faithfully as possible, even at the cost of some expansion of language. His countrymen rate Vondel very high as an observer of nature, both moral and physical, and it is probable that, like the painters of his own amphibious country, he was familiar with every appearance of water, whether in "the slow canal," or as it rolled in broken billows from the Northern Ocean. The whole passage is worthy of being quoted, not only for its merits, but because a quotation of Dutch poetry by a writer in any other language is so rare an incident, that it will give a character of originality to the rest of this composition, however commonplace it may be otherwise.

Besides, it should give additional interest in New York to a quotation from Vondel, that his Dutch is not the dialect of the present day, but

"Such as wise *Grotius* or brave *Maurice* spake,"

being nearly the language spoken by our Governor Stuyvesant and the other fathers of New Amsterdam, who were his contemporaries.

Hier schiet een inham diep, naer binnen, die gerust
En still is, anghезien een islant, dwars gelegen
Voor dezen boezem, als de waten zich bewegen,
De golven uit der zee, op zyne lenden stuit,
En loopt met esne boght gekromt van binnen uit.
Op eene haeven," etc.

To these testimonies of translators in favor of the interpretation of Servius and Rucius, one still stronger has been added by the courteous zeal of the accomplished Librarian of the Astor Library, ever ready to assist any literary inquiry, however lofty or however minute, thus more than doubling the value of the

noble collection which his own taste and learning have formed. The authority is that of Voss, the distinguished German translator, who has rendered Virgil into German hexameters, very nearly line for line, omitting no shade of the poet's meaning nor at all adding of his thoughts. Schiller, indeed, found fault with his choice of the hexameter, yet his version has the merit in the estimation of his countrymen of preserving the poetic spirit, as well as rendering the literal sense of the great original. This is a fact honorable alike to the translator's talent and to the power and flexibility of the German language. I do not know whether, in our profuse and careless country, it will be thought to add anything to these merits that the translator performed all his immense labors, including a body of excellent notes, with a single pen!

His version and notes have had a testimony to their value, of which I do not recollect any other instance in the history of metrical translation. They have been largely used and quoted, and much of them embodied by editors of the original text, by Professor Anthon, in this country, and by Valpy, in his late edition in England.

Voss translates the

"omnis ab isoletto

Frangitur, usque sinus scindit sese unda seductus."

Thus:

"wo gebroches
des meeres

Woge zerschellt, und hinein in die krümmenden
Busen sich spaltet."

The lines in the fourth Georgics are rendered in a similar sense.

With the aid of the Astor Library and Dr. Cogswell's richly stored mind at my command, I could add largely to the number of these authorities on both sides, from schoolasts of all ages, and translators in half the languages of the world, even including among them the heroic verse of a modern Greek bishop, and the old Scotch of Bishop Gwain Douglas. But this could add nothing to the elucidation of the question, and I have already been tempted into more of a display of quotation than was required. But what has been written is sufficient to serve as a brief index to the whole mass of learning on this single text. Still, after all, the true sense of the text may be best studied along our Atlantic shores—on the rocks of Newport, for example—with occasional reference to the authority of an old pilot, or fisherman, or some other veteran web-footed man of the sea. V.

REPLIES.

Dear Crayon:

YOUR correspondent, D.'s article, in the June number of THE CRAYON, recalls a most pleasant reminiscence of some pictures, which once afforded me extreme interest and gratification. As it may serve to answer his query as to the whereabouts of the pictures, which formerly adorned the panels of the steamboat *Albany*, permit me to state, that somewhat more than two years ago, I paid a visit to the Troy Female Seminary to see some original paintings by Cole, Sully, and Morse, and that D., in his letter, gives a description respectively of the pictures which I saw there. I recollect no pictures by Vanderlyn or Doughty, but it is possible that they also might have been there. I have no doubt but that the pictures still remain in the Seminary, and I should advise any one who desires to see a truly fine work by Morse, a beautiful specimen of Sully, or a characteristic landscape by the noble Cole, to make a pilgrimage thither.
D. E. C.